A Glory of Maryland

Poem

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A glory of Maryland poem

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A Glory of Maryland

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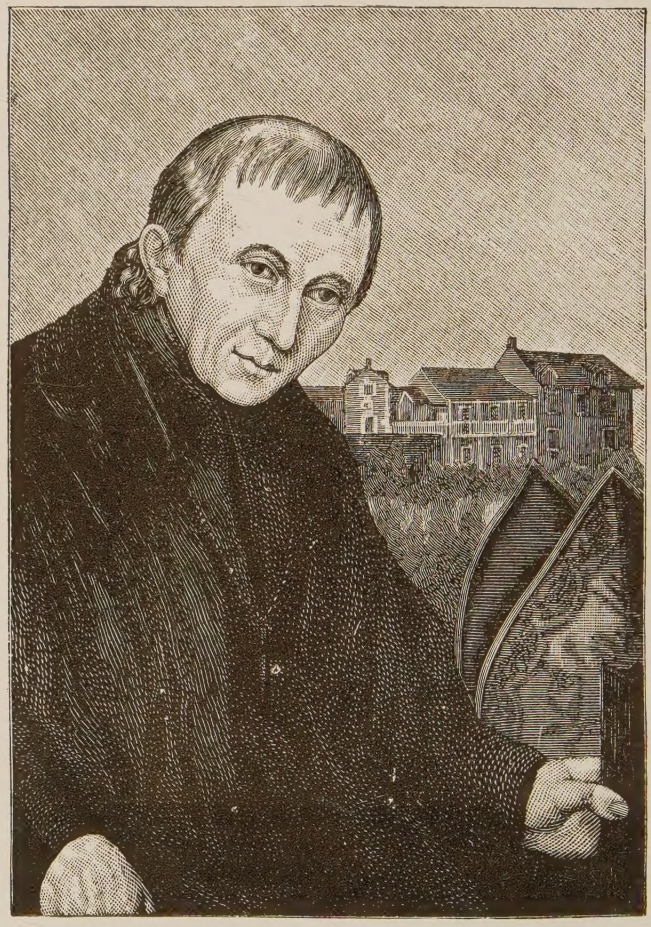

THE MOST REVEREND LEONARD NEALE, D. D.,
SECOND ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE

A
GLORY OF MARYLAND

POEM

by

M. S. PINE

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE AND GRATITUDE TO
THE MOST REVEREND LEONARD NEALE, D. D.
THE SECOND ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE
AND FOUNDER AT GEORGETOWN, D. C. OF THE
ORDER OF THE VISITATION
IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

1817-1917

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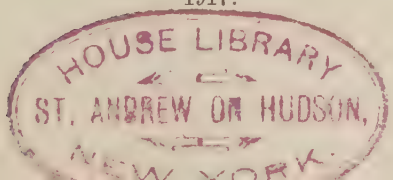

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FOREWORD

SHALL it be said that my tired wing has essayed a flight for which it lacks the needed strength and agility? Shall I, perhaps, be censured in that I have dared to enter the Holy of Holies, striving to measure the spiritual height of an Apostle standing far above my weak reach on the shining pedestal of holiness?

Were this all I might humbly strike my breast and cry, **Mea culpa**! But Love equalizes; and the adamantine cords it creates and weaves around Father and Child are the dear fetters that have bound me, a little earth pilgrim, to the blessed Prelate, throned in the World Invisible, with more than half a life's reverent affection.

Sister Mary Paulina
(M. S. Pine)

This Poem

Is Affectionately Dedicated

To all Hearts that Desire the

Reign of Jesus Christ

King of Kings and Lord of Lords

Over the Earth

Praying that in their Apostolic Zeal

They May Set Ablaze the Fire

Our Divine Master

Came on Earth to Enkindle

THE CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	In the Crypt	15
II.	At Saint Omer. The Society of Jesus	19
III.	A Missionary in Guiana. His Vision	22
IV.	Return to Maryland. Religious Liberty. The Sulpicians.	26
V.	Hope Deferred. Teresa Lalor	30
VI.	Consecrated Bishop. Opening of School. The Papacy	33
VII.	Isidora. Catherine	37
VIII.	Novice Master. Early Novices. Pius VII	41
IX.	Bishop Neale Succeeds Archbishop Carroll. Indult of Pius VII	46
X.	Solemn Profession of Sisters	50
XI.	The Barber Family	53
XII.	Death's Herald. A Judas. Abbe Cloriviere	56
XIII.	The Last Mass. The Death Angel. Requiem	59
XIV.	Archbishop Neale a Copy of St. Francis de Sales. His Influence	63
XV.	The Church's Progress. Archbishop Neale's Successors	66

The King's Librar

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

The Most Reverend Leonard Neale, D.D., Second Archbishop of Baltimore ..... Frontispiece

Archbishop Neale's Tomb in the Visitation Crypt 16

English College at Liege where Leonard Neale Studied and Taught 19

Portrait of Most Reverend John Carroll, D. D., First Archbishop of Baltimore: from Painting by Gilbert Stuart, now in Georgetown 27

Georgetown College as Erected by Bishop Carroll in 1789. Bishop Neale President, 1799-1806 33

Old St. Peter's Pro-Cathedral where Bishop Neale was Consecrated 46

Early Visitation Convent Buildings 57

Baltimore Cathedral in 1917. Cornerstone Laid by Bishop Carroll, 1806. Completed and Dedicated by Archbishop Marechal, 1821 66

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons 68

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

I.

IN THE CRYPT

I STAND beneath thy sainted dust:
A hundred suns have led their annual round
Mid the vast complex of the universe
Since thou wert laid here as a sacred trust,
At the altar's foot with years and glory crowned. [1]
Ah, many a desolate heart was Sorrow's hearse
That dazzling June day as the mournful chant
Rose Heavenward from the choir hierophant,
Rose Heavenward, where thy spirit smiled
Mid Pontiffs splendent throned, and bent to bless
A Diocese widowed, new-born nuns exiled
Thy oracles of truth and holiness,
Brave youths, and little ones too young to weep.

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

I stand at gaze before thy antique tomb,
And bridge the years of thy long, dreamless sleep;
Here thy chaste Daughters sought in springtide bloom—
Spoused to the Crucified by thee—
A narrow chamber at their Father's feet,
Fading away in Love's sweet ecstasy,
Life's crystal temple fashioned fair and fleet.
And here o'ermastering Sacrifice hath led
Gray hairs, with coronet of thorns still red;
Hearts whose high courage failed not ever,—
Thy potent silence echoing here,
As erst thy sanctuaried word its call
Like trumpet to heroical endeavor.
"Let Nature die: the passions all
Be crucified, that ye may rear
The Holy Spirit's temple in your hearts:
Stedfast in love that sacrifice imparts,
I would each Daughter spake with Paul,
'I live no longer: Christ doth live in me!' "

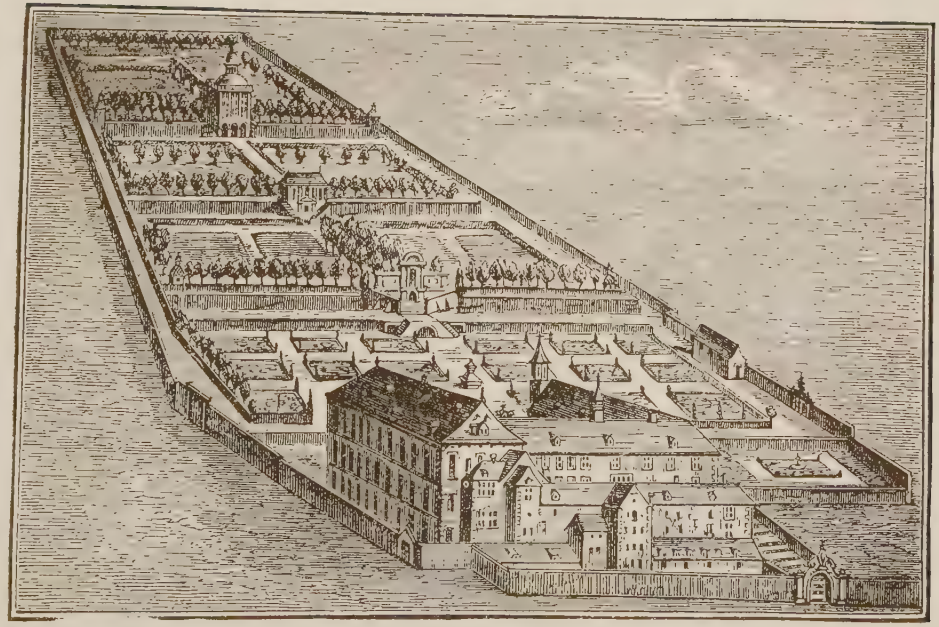
Christ was the chord of thy life's harmony!
Yea, at mother's breast
Thy heart was suckled in His mastering love;
Valiant and tender, with a seraph's eye
She looked deep into Faith's sweet mystery;

ARCHBISHOP NEALE'S TOMB IN THE VISITATION CRYPT

Knew, passionate, that Heaven sceptered earth,
That from Eternity Time took its birth;
And counting earth but earth, she flew above,
Christ's blossomy graces, virtues, there to wrest
And plant the seedlings in the opening loam
Of each heart-garden in her fruitful home.
Tree-girdled, seemed primeval Innocence
To pace and play there with her little ones,
Nature in revelling beauty for defense,
And Truth and Wisdom murmuring benisons.

So this great mother, like her namesake Anne,
Gave to God's altar five young Samuels, [2]
Her pierced heart glowing with a loyal pride
As to far Belge she bade them from her side,
One to meet o'er the stars, the rest to scan
When decades had new-featured them, and spells
Of childhood cast in the shade
By the new glory that new mother-love made.
But one fair face, her last kiss pressed
In early maiden glow,— [3]
Stern smiling down the unprevailing woe—
In alien lands to sanctitude did fare
'Neath veil of Holy Clare;
Pure as an angel, the sharp test

Of Penance sought enamored, still caressed
By Chastity and Prayer:
Nor, ocean-parted, child and mother met
Till flashed the light o'er Heaven's parapet.



ENGLISH COLLEGE AT LIEGE WHERE LEONARD NEALE STUDIED AND TAUGHT

II.

SAINT OMER. THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

EROIC Neale, Saint Omer nursed thy spirit
To heights that thy Ideal long had seen;
There in star-neighboring airs, thou didst inherit
The right of entry to a fair demesne—
Thy brethren with thee on the mystic scene—
Where floats Loyola's banner gold and red,
Gleaming with God's great glory, yet o'erspread
With martyrs' blood by many a nation shed.

Youth's fervor spreading its bright pinions, lo!
A bruit of omen strikes thine ear, nay, stuns
Earth's peoples, for it brings them woe;
Kings have uprisen against Loyola's sons,[4]
Their fiendish machinations at the throne
Of Peter laid; and Clement, weak, o'erpowered,
With one stroke hurls the blessed army prone
Outside their camp by cruel foes embowered.
Alone! yet, O strange Providence!
From sovereigns of an alien faith
Salvation comes and hope and strong defense:
Their shield, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, saith—

"Here rest ye; yet ere many decades flow
Led by My Vicar, forth ye go
Triumphant over calumny and shame,
To flood the world with glory of My Name!"

The zenith splendor of two centuries
Eclipsed, yet, winged with trust and sorrow, rise
Aloft, undaunted, twenty thousand hearts;
Life teems with possibilities;
And youth like Neale sets stir a thousand arts;
For souls, at Heaven's value, lure beyond
All mortal prowess, ministries of love.
Lonely, the Jesuit in heart and bond,
Through Albion's marts and hamlets strove
To loose sin-fettered souls, to paint in hues
No mortal ever saw
Christ's beauty, that the elect might choose
His virgin yoke, entranced with His sweet Law.

Austere and prayerful, bowed to God's high wills,
His the "Desire of the eternal hills,"—
Yet never did fair vision rise
Of dawn and dayfall's gold and purple skies
Above a home-nest in his Maryland?
Yea, and Zeal, many-voiced, made sacred plea,

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

Stretching its white arms o'er the sea
With wild lament for souls. Yet, stern and grand,
Her red robes dripping, War with patriot frown
Each new-plumed hope of his beat down;
And in a sweet, contented discontent
The more his soul to Heaven's monitions bent.

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

III.

A MISSIONARY IN GUIANA. HIS VISION

N fiery crucible God's Spirit tries
The heart magnanimous, that recks not cost,
That stoops not, stay not, but as eagle flies
Alert through sun-swept airs or tempest-tost.

A Pentecostal inspiration came
On wings of flame;
And o'er the southern seas to savage wild
On low Guiana's shore
It summoned; there the five-year Levite wrought,
Self burned away,
For desolate convicts, torn from haunts of men,
Chained to a living death for aye;
Yet, with the avid mission ken,
Sought he still more Christ's red-faced child,
Through swamps with beasts ferocious fraught
And poisonous reptile; venomed insects store,
That so in lonely forest journeys teemed
The ground with black swarms, to his gaze it seemed
The very path was moving. Torrid heat
Smote on the air like nether fires of hell;

And Rain from out her cloudy citadel
Ruled half the year with violence complete.

Unmeasured love this holy servitor
Poured from his great heart's golden sea—
The molten gold of charity—
Into their lives, beset with trials sore,
That with responsive, hurrying tread,
By their plumed chieftain led,
The Fold of peace his dark ones sought,
The while he cleansed and fed them, Heaven-bought.
Salesian strength and sweetness were his dower;
Yet hour by hour
His spirit sickened and his frame grew waste
'Neath the fierce tide of bigotry;
In Demerara, crushed by Albion's power,
Nor he nor his dear convert band might taste
The joys of solemn rite, nor see
A House upbuilded to God's Majesty.

It was the dedicate hour of day:
Low dropped the sun in the Atlantic's breast;
Beyond, huge mangoes held his flock at rest.
Lone, thwarted, comfortless, he knelt to pray,
When lo! a glory flooded the dim place,

And earth was lost and Heaven possessed his soul.
Then came a Virgin train, each meek-eyed face
Irradiant with its aureole;
And one excelling seemed in dignity.
Their fair religious garb well noted he
And veil of sable. Sudden he was 'ware
Of a majestic Figure debonair
In full pontificals, whose mitered brow
And eyes rayed heavenly luster, and he knew
The glorious Francis, Saint of Sales.
Enrapt, the priest heard words of music: "Thou
Shalt build afar in northern vales
A House of this my Order. See—profound
The graces Jesus' Heart prepares!" In awe
A white-plumed Angel by a fount he saw
Who poured life-giving waters all around,
And ever and anon, in voice that caught
The soul to Paradise he chanted clear:
"PAX SUPER ISRAEL!"

Mysterious promise! ere it shall be wrought,
Thy locks shall silver, O brave pioneer!
Ere chimes that hallowed Convent bell
Full many a rich soul-harvest shall be won;
The Church's purple robe her saintly son;

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

Through woods of trials, sorrows mountain high,
Patience shall crown the starry prophecy.
Anear the Nation's dome thy love shall set
The Visitation, Francis' violet
To seed and weave its blossoms round the Name
Of LEONARD NEALE, enthroned by Love and Fame.

IV.

RETURN TO MARYLAND. RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. THE SULPICIANS

ON the wide sea, Regret and Hope at strife,
His eyes bend toward his native shore;
Storms leagued with pirates threat that precious life,
But God is watching evermore.
Beneath his childhood's roof-tree, who can paint
The meeting of that son and mother saint?
And now the mystic hymn its symbol opes,
"PAX SUPER ISRAEL!"
For crushed is War's red citadel;
Peace on white wing bears high the Nation's hopes,
And Freedom at her gates stands sentinel.

In secret union, strong and sweet,
Loyola's sons redeem the darkened days;
Saint Mary's, White Marsh, Baltimore, ablaze
With heavenly zeal, the loyal exile greet.
Terra Mariae clasps his hand
In hers, and through the land
His footprints fall with blessings; the gray dawn
Finds him alert with God; and circling hours

PORTRAIT OF MOST REVEREND JOHN CARROLL, D. D.,
FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.
(From Painting by Gilbert Stuart, now in Georgetown)

Bid the unfolding of his priestly powers,
Or trance him with supernal light indrawn
From God's Word, to his heart a living sun,
Whose scattered rays by myriads shall be won
In life and while the centuries run.

O glorious Constitution, framed for **men**
By Nature's nobles, deathless names!
Freedom, equality and brother-love
Mastered by turns their diamond pen,
While hovered fair above
Religion, quenching Persecution's flames
With fragrant breath, and raining unseen graces,
That earth oppressed might rise and view one land
Clasping her peoples all in fast embraces.

The ban of persecution lifted, lo!
The Church upsoars from her captivity,
The Peace Dove in her breast of snow,
In holiness and strength and beauty free
For her stupendous mission yet to be.
She lays anointing hands upon her Chief,
Sprung from the hills of Maryland,
CARROLL, the great, the good, to lead her band,
The morning star of her great hierarchy,

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

Loyola's giant, borne through waves of grief,
God's providential ways,
To guide the Church's barque through tempest days,
A trinal decade gloriously.

For over seas the dragon hath broke loose;
Red-handed Slaughter and Impiety
Lay waste the throne and altar; **la Belle France**
Proud Reason clepes her goddess; sanctioned use
Of horrors where Death leads the dance
Makes her a charnel-house; yet, happy chance,
To apostolic Carroll flee
Past Danger's reeking jaws, the chivalry
Of Christ, Saint Sulpice' heart to outpour—[6]
Its garnered wisdom, saintly lore—
On his young, struggling See of Baltimore.

Ah, let our right hand be unmade
When those great martyr-hearts of Christ shall fade
From dear remembrance of Columbia's sons!
Uphanging in the chambers of the Past
Behold them—blessed ones!
Inspired Emery, o'er whose fearless head
The sword hung threatening, in a dungeon cast;
Prophet, who looked o'er seas of blood, and sped

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

A Marechal, Nagot, Dubourg, Flaget,
A Tessier, with high comradeship,
To ope the sanctuary's shining way
To neophytes, and men of God equip
For that stoled army vowed to Him for aye.
Sulpicians, lo! your lineal heir
Saint Mary's, temple of the early wise
Who cull the flowers of the Divine Parterre
Sown by the Spirit through the ages, where
Hath Christ enrooted lilies white and red
That they, like ye, might pluck and wed
His own awe-breathing holiness, and tread
With pace unshrinking many Calvaries!

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

V.

HOPE DEFERRED. TERESA LALOR

AH, faithful Neale, a Prelate's fort of strength,
How hath thy spirit soared aloft,
And spanned the watery marge, its crystal length,
A-search for light or whisper soft
To bid thee clothe in living form and show
Thy Demerara vision long ago!
And now the Visitation rent and torn,
The very Papacy a prisoned hope,
Thou canst but wait through times forlorn
Till God fair Georgetown's gates to thee shall ope.

And He is fashioning afar
A soul of valor kindred to thine own,[7]
Heiress of sanctity, whose dazzling star
Hath shone undimmed o'er Erin since the hour
Patricius came with Faith's immortal dower
And hung it there on castle, hut and cell,
On Church and citadel,—
Nay, on a leaf its highest glory pressed,
A fragile pulpit set in Nature's bower;
And this unrivalled star

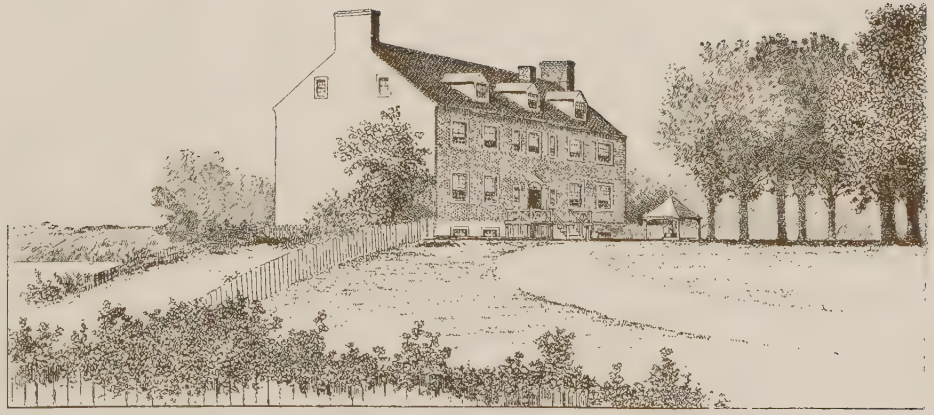
A GLORY OF MARYLAND

Hath shone undimmed o'er Erin on her throne
Or 'neath the oppressor's proud heel lying prone.
Heiress of line that spurned the bribe and test
A martyr spirit **Lalor** brings to thee,
And woman's pearl of price, Virginity.

'Twas in the City of Fraternal Love
When the dread Yellow Plague stalked through the town
With Death, these choice souls met. Above
All mortal fear, Vicar and maid
Pursued their angel tread
Through horrors, mid the dying and the dead,
Their hope God's glory and a fadeless crown.
Companions came heroic; and the Guide
Felt the vague whisperings of the unseen,
And knew **Teresa** as the prop to lean
His rising hopes on, vowed as Christ's pure bride.
Childhood came gleeful to their care:
A modest school upgathered there.

But, gentle Lalor, how the siren strains
Of Erin floated o'er the sea,
Thrilling each heart-responsive chord in thee,
Calling: "Come back, come back to us!"
Nor rent were those ethereal chains

Till, inspiration luminous!
Thy chosen Master, fearless, held on high
The virgin ring, thy pledged return,
And, smiling, cast it broken at thy feet.
One flash of agony,
One weeping moment thou didst yearn,
Then, calm and kneeling, thou,
O honour of thy sex, didst willing bow
To unknown Destiny,
To undreamed, mystic Motherhood complete.



GEORGETOWN COLLEGE AS ERECTED BY BISHOP CARROLL IN 1789.
BISHOP NEALE PRESIDENT, 1799-1806

VI.

CONSECRATED BISHOP. OPENING OF SCHOOL. THE PAPACY

THE master-mind, Doctor of sacred lore,
Saintly in life and teaching, Neale,
Humble as lowly violet, firm as steel,
Perfection's volume ever scanning o'er,
Unseeking falls in Honour's line.
The nascent College owns his sovereign sway [8]
By the wise Carroll planned
To Scholarship a shrine,
Where blue Potomac laves the emerald strand
On Georgetown Heights, and Beauty laughs in play
With Nature wild; a seat
Where Faith and Virtue rule; and Carroll here
Hath called Loyola's sons, withouten peer,
And hall and grove are filled with merry feet,
The nuclei of an army vast
That join hands with the centuries past,
With coming ages, yea, while Time shall last.
And Mother Church appraising his career,
Lustrous in virtue, light in darkness shed,
Smiles on her Levite's merit, wed

To modest humbleness, and bids it shine
In her exalted Purple, so beside
The princely Carroll take an equal place.

Hath he forgot in glory's interspace
The gentle ones that on his word abide?
Not so; Francis and Clare [9]
Have sent their exile Daughters oversea,
'Scaped from the beast of Terror's lair,
And in their humble Georgetown priory
The Bishop's doves have found a nest.
Nobility
And Virtue suffered, triumphed there,
Angels of passage, 'neath our Stripes and Stars,
Till came the Conqueror with martial rest
To bleeding France; then left their heritage,
Whose high austerity the Father bars,
To his chaste Daughters.

For the age
His clear sight penetrates, and knows
That in the child-heart lies the hope of the world
As fragrance in the heart of the shut rose.
With dews of heavenly grace impearled,
Guarded from serpents, Vice and Worldliness,

Upshooting weeds by tender hands withdrawn,
Virtue's luxuriant seeds bursting with dawn
Of their fresh lives, what prophet can assess
The o'erflowing harvest ripening in God's sun?

So to his rustic Convent school
Sped children, winged with joy, for the sweet rule
Of the new "Pious Ladies" all had won.
O Day of blessed memory![10]
'Neath the great Baptist's aegis thou didst ope
Portals of poverty and trusting hope
Unto Columbia's youth, o'erfloating free
The starry Flag of Liberty:
Our high-pledged guardian may it ever be!
That year 'twas twined with sable. Washington
The idol of his countrymen,
Whose heart and genius, blood and life were spent
Those hallowed Stars might in one field be blent
Summoned to realms of light! Never again
Such tears should flow
Above a national woe!

The Church in mourning, too! A Pius dies,[11]
His soul made white through many agonies;
Another Pius is aface

With exile and a tyrant's prison;[12]
He who, a decade flown, with puissant grace
Shall top the high-erected hope of Neale—
The firstling of the Visitation seal.
O glorious and undying Papacy!
Since Christ from His exultant tomb hath risen
Thou speak'st! Thy great Creation hath the race
Endued with virtue, might, divinest love—
Fruit of thy Heaven-made Democracy.
Thy years are ages; lo! the people move
In multitudinous review
Before thy throne, firm-set as earth,
And sink with kings and dynasties into
Oblivion's arms; while thou shalt boast new birth
Successive, of thy spirit sovereignty
O'er the wide emerald globe and watery main,—
Thy mother-love bind distant poles,
While God shall breathe His image into souls—
Till Time shall dawn into Eternity.
What tongue or pen
Can match the clear perfection of thy deeds
Or tell the full course of thy glory? Needs
Must fail supremest intellect of men;
Befits thy storied aureole
Seraphic pencil or the altar coal.

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

VII.

ISIDORA. CATHERINE

IS chronicled that on a fargone day
The lads at merry play
O'er Oxford meads and hills and lake,
Young Edmund, later known to holy fame,[13]
Strayed to a quiet wood and soft bespake
His angel soul with God. When lo! there came
A Stranger lad of wondrous beauty near.
Smiling the student prayed His name.
"Edmund, My Name?" He asked; "you know me not
Who at your side have sat the livelong year?"
And then the letters of His Name Christ wrought
On the white brow that veiled a whiter soul,
And made a prophet-herald of His grace
To Christians of a later race.

Methinks among the maidens lily fair
Graven in gold on Georgetown's early roll,
Jesus full often sat beside them there,
Or met them in the forest as they walked—
The Bishop or Teresa guardian wise—
His love, His beauteous words, His Paradise

Their theme, while soul to soul He talked
In Heaven's language, and a fiery dart
Smote into each love-waiting heart.
What wonder that they sought by twos, by tens,
The Light unfading, His sweet praise to sing—
To emulate the thrushes and the wrens
Whose anthems waked the dawn
From wood and lawn—
In virgin solitude adore their King
And help Him in His sweet soul-harvesting?

O blessed Isidora! thy young life [14]
In its fair bud unclosing,
Yielded its sweets to the Heavenly Reaper's knife,
That in the garden of His Soul reposing
Thou mightest drop thy blowing roses down
In many hearts with secret summoning:—
"Go weave their fragrance in a virgin crown
To heal the wounds of our sweet Spouse and King!"
Ere yet ten summers had bedewed thy brow
With many sorrows, thou
And two far dearer than thy life to thee
Saw thy wan, widowed mother fade away
In saintlike beauty from her orphaned three:
O hard the parting till a day

When, desolate, a priestly word
As one rapt into Paradise she heard:—
"I will be guardian and father to
Thy little ones and they shall know
But love and kindness. Yield to God's sweet will!"

Could'st thou forget that solemn-sweet embrace,
The heaven that shone through tears on that white face?
Nay, nay, ye followed, loved her still,
Who bred ye saints by her celestial skill.
Nobly God's minister his pledge redeemed;
And in the paradise—for so it seemed
To ye—Neale had created, oped your way
To Learning's light and Prayer's diviner day.
Four little golden years, blest Isidore,
Perfection's steep with ardor thou didst climb,
Led by thy saintly Prelate counsellor
Ever in wondering awe
At spirit mysteries he saw,
At secrets of child-wisdom all sublime,
At heroisms that caught the hearts and eyes
Of comrades, made them wise
To run thy gleaming traces for the Prize.

One gentle nun, the mystic, Catherine, [15]

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

Whose pure eyes viewed the world invisible
And heard angelic language, thou didst shrine
With passionate love in thy white soul;
The glorious convert, who through crucible
Of fire had won the faith and shining goal
Of swift vocation, Neale her guide.
Supernal love! not death could ye divide;
For, weeping, as she robed thee for the grave
Thy dead palm pressed hers in mysterious pact,
And yet again, as 'twere in living act
Of summons to the jeweled pave
Through gates of pearl to walk with thee.
Yet leave her, little one, in harmony
With earth and Mother-love awhile—
For deeper still must plunge the seraph's dart—
To raise, with one to come, the sacred pile
To Jesus' Heart
That planned and pined for, sainted Neale
Through years of soul-consuming zeal.

Thy Prelate-Father's hand hath writ thy story—
A sapphire in the golden setting twined
Of his momentous mission, sealed and signed
In Demerara—garlanding with glory
Thy name, to Georgetown sacred, sweet McNantz,
While virtue crowned with loveliness enchants.

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

VIII.

NOVICE MASTER. EARLY NOVICES. PIUS VII

THE bright suns rose and set, the seasons faded
Upon his ever-burning torch of hope,
Held o'er the gulfs of darkness all unshaded—
Waiting on God till He the ports should ope
Of happiness unto his Daughters
With words of love from o'er the frowning waters.[16]
Rigid his laws of prayer and discipline
To mould and bend the docile human will
Unto its polar star the Will Divine;
Salesian calm and meekness to instill
Most like unto his own,
From youth high sceptered on his spirit's throne.
Nor failed the sharp austerity
To add its sting
To hardships, hunger, toil and poverty.

O valiant pioneers,
Of early Visitandine peers!
Lalor, McDermott,[17] pillars of pure gold;
Marshall, the maiden hero-souled,[18]
Who, fleeing earthly nuptials, walked through snows

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

Knee-deep, who could the Alleghanies brave,
Thy heart and lips in league with Him who chose
Thee and whose might could save;
Spent with sore travel days
O'er many changing clays,
Did not His messenger await
And bear thee far to the dear Convent gate?

Matthews and Brent,[19] from youth to cheerful eld
Planting, sustaining, in new fertile soil
The rootlets your hearts held
From him whose blood ye shared and holy toil.
Dear Apollonia, seraph of sweet love,[20]
Baptismal innocence and prayer;
The veil just donned, pallid thou stood'st above
Thy luring grave; then Time held out to thee
Treasures of pain, Heaven's currency
For its elect; a road of years
At tryst with Death; but when with scepter he
Would seal thee, Angels plucked thee back,
And, sudden, Strength divine appears
Armored in light, to take thy hand and fare
With thee o'er life's long flowery track.
O hearts of oak, magnanimous spirits, all!
On Calvary rooted nought could ye appal.

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

Not we, the world is in your debt—
Uncounted ages shall our paeans share.

Temptations, harsher swords, must ye beset:
No help is nigh, no light!
Want and affliction weave their iron net
Around ye; and ye hear in triumph tones:
"Break up!"—"Disperse!"—O hour of darkest night!
Yet God can raise up children from the stones.—
Even friendly voices clamor: "Change your aim;
To Carmel or Saint Ursula translate
Your Daughters; or withouten blame
To pious Seton join their fate."
Plunged in his dark Gethsemani,
The Father prayed the longer; and uprose
A monument of granite fixed athwart
The storms of contradiction. Victory
Beamed from his holy eyes, and prophecy!
The Demerara Angel—had Heaven's court
Sped him again a herald of repose
To God's tried servant in his "Holy Hour?"
For woes full-heighted clamor from earth's sod
And court His smile and sway His sovereign power.

He still would wait the ever faithful God.

For had He not a shining wonder wrought?
Had not the prisoned Pius secret brought
His brethren-sons into their Mother's arms?
To the new Republic, new-created, given
Their dear Society so long bereaven?
O Catherine and Frederick!
When the foul fiend with hellish charms
Had blinded statesmen, nations,—and their kings,
False to their solemn trust,
Had forced with outrage and disaster politic
The swift-repented, broken-hearted stroke
That doomed Ignatius' structure to the dust,—
Ye stood its saviors, to the world outspoke
Grandly its praise, and with warm shelterings
Held to your breast
The saintly exiles **unsuppressed,**
Your love and all-prevailing power
Their fortress of salvation in that hour.

So from far Russia came the golden chain [21]
That linked the exile band
Scattered through beauteous Maryland,
To Ignatius' heart and broken home again.

A captive Pius— stressful years must roll

Ere Neale can breathe his sorrows soul to soul,
And plead his potent arm to usher in
By high Decree his fervent Daughters
To the Salesian temple o'er the waters.
Momentous struggles, nation tragedies,
Convulse the world in act to thrust
The usurper to the dust.
Leipsic and Elba!—Waterloo
And St. Helena in prophetic view!
O Fontainebleau, begin
The retribution! Where his captive sighs,
August and crownless, there unking
The great world-tyrant!—
Yea, his scepter wrung
From his reluctant clasp
By the long-suffering Nations' iron grasp,
Napoleon falls
His giddy height to ruin.—And the Rome
He desolated, now doth ring
With joy-mad Alleluias, every dome
Floating the banners of the Queen of May,
Her gorgeous garlands from ten thousand flung,
The gay birds chanting their melodious calls,
As Pius mounts his angel-guarded throne
On the glad world's new festal day.

IX.

BISHOP NEALE SUCCEEDS ARCHBISHOP CARROLL. INDULT OF PIUS VII

ALL hearts are jocund in the Georgetown shrine;
Te Deums make a harmony to Heaven
Striking with Angel chords at morn and even,
From priest and nun and childish throats.—
Alas! with Sorrow's dirgeful notes
The happy strains full soon shall twine:
For the great Prelate Carroll, ripe in age,
Clad in the gleaming robes of sanctity,
His good works borne by cherubim on high,
Hath sought his heavenly heritage.
The winter winds waft tones of woe
From Maine to Florida; and statesmen mourn
With a Nation's honours the loved patriot, born
To rule the rising Church of God in times
With peril fraught from friend and foe,
With genius, prudence, in the Spirit's power.
CARROL, a name
Writ high in halls of fame
With shining pilgrims of all Christian climes!

OLD ST. PETER'S PRO-CATHEDRAL WHERE BISHOP NEALE WAS CONSECRATED

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

To lowly **Neale,** his chosen tower
Of strength and holiness, descends by right
This fruitful orchard of the Heavenly King
For all too brief a golden harvesting:
His soul from dawn uplift to angelic height,
His days exhaust in toil with flooding grace
To reflect in priest and flock the Master's face:
Ordaining for His Vineyard souls of power
And stalwart virtue, needful for the hour;
Saint Mary's still his mine of golden ore;
Preaching the Word in season, out of season;
Confirming, guiding souls to faith o'er reason;
A Father catechising little ones
The while his passionate zeal not shuns
To rear and mould to manly character
The heirs of Carroll's great foundation;
Their hearts to honour, learning virtue spur,
And Georgetown make the glory of our Nation.

But O untrammeled, free,—
The gates of hope, nay, certainty flung wide,—
Across the sparkling sea
For his dear Daughters hastes the solemn plea,
To Benedictine Pius, now
Ensceptered, the tiara on his brow,

The great Consalvi by his side.
In supreme fullness of a Father's love,
In words of wisdom dropped from Courts above,
Pius with high approval blessed
The Prelate Founder's each long-sealed desire: [22]
Bound to the Order of his dear "de Sales"
His humble, virgin choir
With solemn vows to Him who never fails,—
Planting the Visitation tree
To branch and flower through ages yet to be
In Freedom's garden of the West.

Autumn with golds and reds bestrewed the ground,
And luminous skies and shrill-voiced winds
Were calling to the Winter-King,
When Rome's great Indult crowned
The hopes of years; amid joy's triumphing
Prostrate the nuns in choir lay,
Silence, the mute prayer of surchargéd minds,
Their holiest incense praise that day.
But who the Father's joy could paint
Must read his soul, illumed with light,—
That paradise of faith and hope must see,
That glowing holocaust of charity,
Looking with eyes of aged saint

Toward the celestial height,
Yet with unutterable longings tied
To earth as firm as fate
By Providence' sublimest mandate: "Wait!"
And now Fulfillment stands beside
Him, with the cross and crown, all glorified!

X.

SOLEMN PROFESSION OF THE SISTERS

HE Christmas rapturous bliss is past:
'Tis the day-dawn of "Holy Innocents," [23]
Heaven's day-dawn classed
For the sweet Saint of Sales; the Sacraments,
And Altar-rites await three brides,
Teresa, Frances, Agnes, victims first
To lay their vows in Jesus' Heart; presides
The function beautiful, with solemn grace,
The aged Prelate, all his being immersed
In God; and tears of thanksgiving down flow
As sweetly echoes through the sacred place:
"Hear, O ye Heavens, what I say,
And let the earth unto my words give ear!
O God, to Thee,
With all my heart I make the Vow
Of living evermore in chastity,
Obedience unto death, and poverty."

Now he with tremulous hand doth lay
On each pure head the consecrated veil,
Upon each breast the silver cross—

Ere, smiling, stretched 'neath sable pall they hear
The death-dirge, **De Profundis**, chanted clear,—
And seals them spouses of the Lord for aye.
His heart-words breathing strength divine,
His sweet persuasions to the perfect way,
Like to an odorous South gale
Swept into heart and memory, ne'er to fail
Their freshness through each peace-embowered year
Till Time should register their mortal loss.

As waxed and waned the moon in winter splendor
Joy sovereign reigned within the Convent shrine;
And thirty willing hearts made meek surrender
Of youth and beauty, earth's enchanting dreams;
Or in life's bright maturity
Laid riches down, and "mine and thine,"
The sweet "I will" that noble soul esteems
Above all price—its mountain-free,
Sweet-bitter birthright, liberty;—
All glorious things a carpet for His feet
Who feeds among the lilies pure and sweet.

Celestial joy rays o'er his face serene
As the great Archbishop crowns the happy day
With fervid blessings:—"What can I,

My children, render to the Lord,
Poor, old, unworthy, as ye all have seen,
For mercies which outshine His promised word?
With Holy Simeon, content I pray,—
In peace, O Lord, let now Thy servant die,
Since I behold Thy light and glory shed
In darkness, and o'er generations spread."

The valorous Teresa leadeth still
Her happy Visitandine flock
And white-souled little ones. But Sorrow's knock
Is at the door: and Isidora white
Awaiteth the Great Angel, heart and will
Praying, low-voiced, that Vow and sweet love-plight
May wed her child soul to the Spouse of Love.
The Prelate and Teresa heard her plea;
And the sweet child Visitandine,
Her trothal o'er, flew like a spotless dove,
As Easter chimes flung jubilee
O'er spring-clad land and gold-empurpled sea,
With Christ, her Risen King, to His demesne.

XI.

THE BARBER FAMILY

ROM the far North
A benediction cometh.—Who hath heard
The name of "Barber," read with soul unstirred
The story of the spouses, high in worth,[24]
Whose sacrifice turned Death and Sorrow pale
With over-woe,
Tumultuous so,
God's mighty arm alone could pass them through
The severing waters of affliction?
How far the sky of truth sublime doth sail
Above the cloudy chronicles of fiction!
They trod the wine-press with the Crucified.
To sacrificial whisperings from above
They gave their holocaust of wedded love,—
The five sweet scions of the parent tree
Gave back with unrevoking ardency
To Him who planted it; and in His side
Buried their bleeding hearts for healing.

O Sacred Heart, thou Fount Medicinal,
Through perfumed ages flowing mystical,

Thy balm, sweet to the soul past all revealing,
Made Heaven of parting, sorrow, penury!
Fenwick and Neale!
Great Prelates! with hearts wider than the sea
They wrought inspired:
And lo! their tender zeal
Hath homed the little doves; the Father fired
With holy ardor for the heavenly call
Cleaves to Loyola's banner, 'neath whose rays,
Time ripe, his infant son shall walk with him
In sacred brotherhood and harvest praise.

Within the leaf-girt cloister dim
The gentle Mother, strong as Judith, or
Her of the Machabees progenitor,
Hath brought her shining virtues, cultured mind,
Sore needed in the struggling school.
And here her little jewels three
With stranger's children flock around the knee
Of sweet **Soeur Mary Augustine**
In study love or play entwined.
The fair babe severed from her breast—
Soul-spearing agony!
Ah, new-born, Mary to her bosom pressed
The little Josephine,

And 'neath her mantle holds her tenderly,
For she shall vow her Visitation Rule:
Far in new cloister, arched by Southern skies,
Shall close her saintly mother's tired eyes;
And her refined, unerring pen
Shall paint her living to the world again.

Nor shall the flight of Time soar far
Ere gleam above three childish heads a star,
The Star of Ursula, to guide
Their eager, spotless feet to gardens fair
She hath long tended for the Heavenly Spouse:
There consecrated they shall bide,
Heroic offspring of a sainted pair,
Till "Well done!" seal their toils and faith-kept vows.

Hang in the heavens, O starry prodigy
Of grace! Colossal victory
Of faith and love! O rare the parallel
Nature hath writ on her heart's tablets! Well
God's measureless bounty scaled the rich reward,
And silver-walled this kingdom of the Lord!

XII.

DEATH'S HERALD. A JUDAS. ABBE CLORIVIERE

AGAIN pale Sorrow, violet-stoled, doth wait
Impatient at the Convent gate.
Heaven is conjoined with her;
And from its dazzling Courts descends
On love's high embassy a messenger
Of light, sweet Isidore, who rends
The future's veil to her dear Prelate's view,
That near in shining vesture Death he knew
And smiling welcomed as a friend,
The goal in sight, his pilgrimage at end.
But love divines what love would hide:
And as life's ever ordered prudence hastes
To marshal his high cares, varied and wide,
Love's keen eyes note it, and the tenderness
Of phrase and act their Father wastes
As dying gifts on all; that grief and tears
Are daily bread for Daughters comfortless.

August Apostle of Christ Crucified!
Yet one more likeness to the Master thou
Must take from deathward years.

EARLY VISITATION CONVENT BUILDINGS

He had his Judas; so thy patron Sales;
And Carroll felt the false kiss on his brow.
Ah, bitterness unparalleled,
Before whose sting the saintliest quails!
Rome hears the traitor unaware
Whose rebel clan hath discord started
In the fair Carolina, where
The dauntless missioner, Cloriviere, [25]
O noble-hearted!
The sanctuary and God's rights upheld.

Yet the Divinity is shaping far
His destiny; forth from God's temple driven,
He ships for his dear France; when lo! high Heaven
Arrests his steps; his plans like dreamings are
To thin air melted at a pleading phrase
From his staunch Prelate friend, to guide the ways
Of his lorn nuns.—Did not the Father see
With Death's unveiling prophecy
Cloriviere's life-mission peerless filled?
His sway a scepter spiritual;
Time, labors, learning, fortune, spilled
As far too little were his all,—
That Georgetown's debt is still to pay
In his own sanctuary where we pray.

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

The sharp sword falls upon the Prelate's soul [26]
As the strange, open document he reads
Of censure. In his heart that bleeds
He dips his eloquent pen, and the true whole,
Shot through with shafts of priestly indignation
And filial plaints and seerlike warnings wise
Of Danger's hand upon the altar, lies
There on the creamy parchment, writ
To his high-reverenced, best beloved One,
His Friend and Father, Pius' eyes alone.
To the just Pope, the fearless revelation
From him whose starlike nobleness he knew,
Conviction wrought upon the face of it;
And Pius' own hand tore the clouds away,
And forth with power the age-worn Prelate drew,
His virtues lustrous as the noon of day.—

Swift-winged the comfort, but—his eyes were closed:
Hands folded, stilled the heart so true,
Beneath the Convent altar Neale reposed.

XIII.

THE LAST MASS. THE DEATH ANGEL. REQUIEM

UNE'S dewy roses scent the morning air:
And from the Orient the golden sun
Shoots down his ambient rays,
Whereof in through the Chapel pane there strays
An aureole upon the holy one
Who offers the great sacrificial prayer.
Intrepid Priest! outworn and ill
Unto the death-clasp, freshening ardor streams
From each grave movement; and thy Daughters thrill
While tremulous the dear hand feeds them there
With Bread of Angels, as through two-score years
Crusted with gold in Memory's halls.—Nor deems
One of the sweet recluses that love's fears
Have come true, and this Holy Mass thy last!
For but yestreen,
The Lord's Day, thrice his gentle mien
Held ye in deep-heart reverence at his feet
With Paradisal words and parting glance,
As in God's Essence he had passed
And seen his death-hour gleaming on Time's dial,
And would with life's last utterance

A beacon leave ye for the night of trial—
Christ's Sacred Heart your hidden, calm retreat.

Likeness anew to his Saint Francis, lo!
The stroke falls sudden; with the even song
The shadows fold him; there is brush of wings;
No moan, no plaint; a wrestling with the foe
Conquered in life's spring, long ago;
And Mary shows her lovely face as clings
The passing soul to Her Immaculate.
A kneeling throng,
His brethren, supplications pour; and now,
The death-damp on his brow,
Fiat voluntas tua! on his lips,
The King of kings,
He who hath been his Way, his Truth, his Life,
To his anointed comes in royal state
His panting soul to inebriate
With His sweet Body and Blood,
From reverent youth to age his daily Food,—
To seal him conqueror in the threefold strife,
And, mid white pinions, lead His pilgrim home.

In life's eclipse
His Visitation heirloom is his old,

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

Old key-word of all sanctity:—
Word he heroical through life hath kept
And leaves them as Heaven's key of gold:—
"My children,—do away—with nature," come
Slow oozing as the balm from wounded tree.
Pax super Israel! Peace in its flood
Is in his heart, on his wan face,
As speechless now in still commune with God
Steal on the circling hours.
Peaceful the passing, that no eye could trace;
No sigh, no motion, as he sweetly slept,
And dreaming were translated to Heaven's bowers. [27]

Due honors rained upon thee as in state
Beneath the shadow of old Trinity
Thou lay, gold-vestured, consecrate,
Chalice on breast,
Mid starry tapers; while the Victim-Prayer
And **Requiem** pierced the Heavens, and incense blest
Floated above thy hallowed feet at rest.
But not to stately mausoleum, where
Enshrined thy mitered brethren sleep,
They bore thee, O beloved Father! Nay,
In dust
Thou keep'st thy old Salesian way

Tender beyond compare:
Thy Daughters' poignant grief is hushed
As thou return'st in Death's sweet majesty.

Still, blessed Prelate, keep,
Keep thou thy watch above our vaulted dead;
And 'neath the altar list our psalmody
Still climbing heavenward, music-fed
By virgin throats that caught the strain
Back through year-echoes of a century,
O Father, Founder well-beloved, from thee!

XIV.

ARCHBISHOP NEALE A COPY OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. HIS INFLUENCE

THAT thy radiant soul had been revealed
To us as to the close few of thy Daughters!
Too modest they; the glowing pen
Saint Chantal in our springtime years did wield,
Portrayed with master touch the prince of men,
Francis of Sales,[28]
The seraph among saints, the burning coal
That set humanity afire:—
Portrayed, O loving scribe! O fearless woman!
In rare, love-studied, affluent details,
The hidden wonders of his soul,
His multiplex, strong personality,—
His heart, whose fount of living waters
Tasted, led myriads to inflamed desire,
Transcending love and time and all things human,
To quaff the streams of immortality.
O apostolic Neale!
Thy golden record in too niggard phrase
Eager we scan; yet our conceivings steal
Rich comfort, for in glory's blaze

They set thee, canonized thee, when they wrote
Thou wert his perfect copy. All the ways
Of the angelic Bishop are thy note
Of endless honor, love and mortal praise.

Nor Death could shatter the ethereal bond
Of spirits mutual; from the far beyond
Thy message came imperious day by day
Through soul elect,
Thy earth work be completed, and its crown,
The fair Church high its glittering Cross display,
Chiming its prayer-hours through the sylvan town.
Each stone was laid, the walls upreared,
In cement firm of waiting hope;
Thy artist priest, himself the architect,
His all inwove, nor feared
To mould to form majestical thy will
Though thwarted, wronged, delayed, till high its cope
Shone o'er the city. From its tower still
Thy century bell, from dawn to even,
Floats to a reverent people thoughts of Heaven.

As far the silent moon in empery
Rocks the vast cradle of the sea;
Or as the Nilus' swell and ebb dispense

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

A golden foison to the seedsman's grain,—
Thy harvest such, and thy far spirit reign
Today; for o'er the land
Its humble myrrh and frankincense
Thy Visitation wafts to God.—Each band
That fared from Georgetown portals, rank on rank
Deputed has to Heaven of virgins veiled,
Of youngling Isidores, of families
Whom meeting Angels hailed,—
Each yielding thee, meek Pontiff, tribute-thank;
And still to dawn of vast eternities,
Thee our celestial advocate,
Resplendent shall thy Demerara vision,
From the Atlantic to the Golden Gate
And North to South, achieve its Heaven-born mission!

XV.

THE CHURCH'S PROGRESS. ARCHBISHOP NEALE'S SUCCESSORS

HUNDRED YEARS! From the celestial towers
How Alteration gazes up at thee,
Pointing with pride a Nation's pageantry,
Achievements mirroring to thee God's powers!
The Church upsending myriad shafts of light
O'er the wide continent;
A hundred crosiers in the van
Of the great millioned army, proudly bent
Against the subtle foes of Truth and Right.
And still their loyal eyes turn, man to man,
Toward thine ancient See of Baltimore
With reverence, its splendor held
Through decades arduous by Sons of Light,
Great Pontiffs, holy, erudite:— [29]
A **Marechal**, the glory of Saint Sulpice;
Heroic exile, whom to live was Christ,
To whom love's passion all had sacrificed;
Whitford, the pioneer unparalleled
Of stately Councils, where the shining lore,
Grave wisdom, soul experience and prayer

BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL IN 1917

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

Of the Elect of God have wrought increase
To Christ's immortal Kingdom; **Eccleston,**
Flaming with zeal, whose Mary-love hath won
Our Nation's heart-desire,
That in the Church's heaven o'er our Land,
Clothed with the Sun, shines the Immaculate,
Our Virgin Patroness and Queen all fair.

The soul of wisdom, virtue, whom no fate
Could daunt, great **Kenrick**, sought a higher strand
And sat amid the Apostles' Choir,
Drinking celestial doctrine to bequeathe
In golden volumes to posterity.
Spalding, the genial, eloquent, did wreathe
His brow with bays as Champion of the Faith
Thrusting Truth's lance in the heart of bigotry.
His Shepherd's Staff of power
Descends to Newark's well-beloved Chief
Bayley, whose peaceful aftermath
Of holiness was all too brief,
Crowning deeds apostolic as the tower
The crystal structure of sublime belief.

And now is **Carroll's** throne and thine,
Our Land's Primatial See,

A GLORY OF MARYLAND

Invested with the princely dignity,—
Pius and **Leo** joining hands
O'er Time's ethereal bars
To summon Exaltation all divine
From her high watch-tower o'er the stars
To fall her mantle upon modest merit—
On one who knows not his own worth
Albeit the four winds chant it o'er the earth.
Gentle as touch of chrism, yet firm he stands
Upon the Rock of Ages, justice-clad
For Christ's cause and the peoples'; yea, the spirit
And virtues glorious he doth inherit
Of the great High-Priests who in line before
The sacred pallium wore;
The Holy Spirit guiding tongue and pen
His doctrine feeds the hearts of men;
Statesman and priest, beloved from shore to shore,
Our CARDINAL GIBBONS doth a glory add
Thy century-honored See of **Baltimore**.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS

The Notes

THE NOTES

Note 1.—The Most Reverend Leonard Neale, D. D., Second Archbishop of Baltimore, and Founder of the Visitation in the United States, was born at the Neale Mansion, near Port Tobacco, Md., October 15, 1746. He was a direct descendant of Capt. James Neale, a privy councillor, and Anne Gill, maid of honor to Queen Henrietta Maria, who emigrated to Lord Baltimore's Colony and settled there in 1642. William Neale, a great-grandson of the Captain, was Leonard's father and Anne Brooke his mother,—a woman of reputed sanctity. Leonard was early taught at Bohemia Manor, Md., a school conducted by the Jesuits. At the age of twelve (1758) he was sent with his brothers to the College of Saint Omer in French Flanders, and having graduated with distinction he continued his studies at Bruges and at Liege, where he entered the Society of Jesus and was ordained priest. He had passed nearly sixteen years in Flanders when the Suppression of the Society was decreed. Five years were then devoted to the English mission and four to labors in British Guiana; and he saw his native Maryland again only in 1783. In 1784 the Reverend John Carroll having been made Prefect Apostolic of the United States, Father Neale became his Vicar General, which office he exercised in Philadelphia for nearly six years, when he was recalled to assume the Presidency of Georgetown College (1799-1806). Here he filled also the post of professor; and under his guidance the institution was developed from an academy into a college in 1801. Baltimore was erected into an Episcopal See in 1790; and at the venerable Bishop Carroll's request Rome named Doctor Neale his coadjutor. He was consecrated by Bishop Carroll in 1800, the Bull, expedited in 1795, having failed to reach America

earlier on account of war troubles. On the death of Archbishop Carroll he succeeded that Prelate (1815).

Note 2.—Archbishop Neale's brothers who became Jesuits were the Reverend Charles Neale, who founded the Carmelite Order (from Antwerp) in this country; the Reverend Francis Neale, for many years pastor of Trinity Church, Georgetown, which he completed, and for two years President of Georgetown College; the Reverend William Chandler Neale, who died young in England; and Joseph Neale, who died a novice in the Society. Two of Archbishop Neale's great uncles were also Jesuits: the Reverend Henry Neale, who labored several years in the Philadelphia missions, and was the first priest to die in that city (1748); and the Reverend Bennett Neale, who exercised his ministry in Maryland, near Bel Air (where his "Mass House" is still standing) from 1747 to 1770, and died at New Town in 1787.

Note 3.—Anne Neale, the Archbishop's sister, became a religious of the Order of Poor Clares at Aire, in Artois (now Pas-de-Calais), France.

Note 4.—After an existence of nearly two and a half centuries (1540-1773) favored and honored by Church and State, by Popes, kings and peoples, the Society suddenly became an innocent object of hostility so universal as to lead to its suppression. Joseph I of Portugal, through his infamous minister Pombal, suppressed it in his dominions in 1759, with attendant circumstances of violence and cruelty.

THE NOTES

In 1764 Louis XV of France, at the instigation of Choiseul, his minister, unwillingly signed the edict of expulsion; and Spain, Naples and Parma followed their example in 1767. All the possessions of the Society were confiscated by these Bourbon sovereigns, who then united in demanding with rudeness and insult the entire extinction of the Order by Clement XIII, its inflexible supporter. His death occurred in 1769; and his successor, Clement XIV (Lorenzo Ganganelli) pushed and forced into a measure which he made every effort to escape, finally after many prolonged delays issued the Brief of Suppression August 16, 1773. The Society then contained 42 provinces, with 669 colleges, 61 novitiates, besides residences and missions, and a membership of 23,000. The story of imprisonment, deportation and violence executed against this apostolic Order is a lasting blot on European civilization. The saintly General, Father Lorenzo Ricci, who governed from 1758 to 1773, was seized and imprisoned in the Castle of Sant'Angelo, where he was treated as a criminal till death closed his sufferings in 1775. Catherine II of Russia and Frederick the Great, appreciating the Society as an unequaled teaching body, refused to allow the Brief to be promulgated in their respective dominions, and later a novitiate was opened in White Russia. Here the Society survived in its integrity, and formed the nucleus of the Restoration under Pius VII, August 16, 1814.

Note 5.—The Most Reverend John Carroll, D. D., the son of Daniel Carroll and Eleanor Darnall, was born in Carroll Mansion, Upper Marlborough, Md., January 8, 1835. After

his early studies at Bohemia, he accompanied his cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, to Flanders where they entered Saint Omer's College. In a course of six years he made brilliant progress in knowledge and virtue, and at eighteen asked admission into the Society of Jesus. His novitiate concluded, he pursued his divinity studies at Liege where he was ordained priest in 1759. For a series of years he held professorships at Saint Omer, Liege and Bruges. In 1771 he made an extensive tour of the continent as tutor to Lord Stourton's son. On the news of the Suppression of the Order he wrote an able Vindication of the Jesuits; and in 1774 returned to his native land then in the throes of the revolutionary struggle. Arrived in Maryland he became an ardent missionary, and with a kind of sublime audacity built a Catholic Church on his estates. With his relative, Charles Carroll, he soon attained a leading influence in civil as well as ecclesiastical affairs. In 1784 Pius VI appointed him Prefect Apostolic of the United States; and in 1790 he was consecrated the first Bishop of Baltimore. In 1808 Pius VII conferred upon him the pallium, having raised Baltimore to an Archiepiscopal See with four suffragan Sees, New York, Boston, Bardstown, and Philadelphia. Archbishop Carroll died in Baltimore December 3, 1815, in the eighty-first year of his age.

Note 6.—The Reverend James Andrew Emery, Superior General of Saint Sulpice, eminent for sanctity and sufferings in the cause of the Church, foreseeing the suppression and banishment of Religious Orders from France, cruelly carried out by law in 1792, sent four of the most able and renowned

Fathers, Directors of Seminaries, in 1791, to aid Bishop Carroll in founding the theological seminary of Saint Mary at Baltimore, generously meeting all expenses of travel and maintenance and furnishing funds for the buildings: Father Nagot was appointed Superior with Fathers Garnier, Tessier, and Levadoux as assistants. A year later arrived several equally distinguished Sulpicians, four of whom were afterward clothed with the purple: Archbishop Marechal of Baltimore, Bishop Flaget, Bishop David and Bishop Dubourg. Saint Mary's Seminary, in its century and a quarter of progress, has given more than thirty Bishops and nearly two thousand priests to the American Church.

Note 7.—Alice Lalor was born in 1769 in Queen's Co., Ireland. When seventeen years of age she made a vow of virginity in the hands of Bishop Lanigan of Ossory, promising to assist him in the foundation of a religious community. Accompanying her sister to America in 1797, they settled in Philadelphia, where Father Neale was pastor of St. Joseph's Church. He became her director and prevailed upon her to remain in this country where the need of apostolic work was so much greater. Father Neale having been called to Georgetown in 1799 she and her companions, who had opened a school, soon followed him and continued the work of education on the estate of the Poor Clares, who in returning to France in 1804, sold their Convent and ground to the "Pious Ladies." The Community grew; and Bishop Neale, unable to obtain recognition or help from the Visitation Order, for all Religious Orders had been abolished in France, admitted the Sisters to simple vows January 29, 1814. In 1816 on the restoration

of Pius VII to his dignity and rights, he obtained from His Holiness a Brief affiliating his Community to the Visitation Order and admitting it to a share in all the indulgences and privileges conferred upon that Institute. Mother Teresa Lalor lived to see several Houses of the Visitation established in the United States. This eminent foundress and superior died September 9, 1846, at the age of seventy-seven, assisted in her last hours by Archbishop Eccleston.

Note 8.—Georgetown College, the oldest Catholic institution in the United States, was founded in 1789 by Bishop Carroll, who selected its beautiful site and watched with parental solicitude over its growth and progress. "Founder's Day" is observed in January of each year by his Georgetown sons to honor his memory.

Note 9.—The Poor Clares under their Abbess Marie de la Marche, having been forced to fly from France in 1792, settled in Georgetown, and struggled to obtain a livelihood by teaching. On the death of the Abbess in 1804,—the laws against Religious Congregations having been repealed,—her successor, the Abbess Celeste la Blonde Rochefoucault, sold the Convent estate to Mother Teresa Lalor and with her companions returned to France.

Note 10.—The Convent School was opened solemnly by Bishop Neale on June 24, 1799, the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. The centenary of this event was celebrated by Georgetown Convent in 1899, with three days of extraordinary festivity.

Note 11.—Pius VI (1717-1799) was elected to St. Peter's Chair in 1775, on the death of Pope Clement XIV. Napoleon attacked the Papal States in 1796, and proclaimed the Roman Republic in 1798. Pius VI, deprived of his sovereignty, was forcibly taken from Rome, hurried from one city to another, and finally, although seriously ill, forced over the Alps to Valence, where he yielded to his sufferings August 29, 1799.

Note 12.—Pius VII (Barnaba Chiaramonti, 1740-1823), was elected Pope March 14, 1800: Ercole Consalvi, Cardinal, one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century, was made his Secretary of State. The reign of this illustrious Pontiff was a momentous one,—in the main, one of conflict with Napoleon, of persecution and captivity. It was signalised by the French Concordat which ruled the Church of France for a hundred years. Napoleon's annexation of the Papal States to France in 1809 was followed by the deportation of Pius VII to Savona, where he was subjected to the most cruel restraints and indignities; later he was removed to Fontainebleau. In 1814 his release from captivity was demanded by the Allies; and Pius VII re-entered Rome on the 24th of May, which in thanksgiving he raised to a solemn Feast under the title of Our Lady Help of Christians. The restoration of the Pontifical States was secured at the Congress of Vienna, 1815, by Pius VII's representative, Cardinal Consalvi.

Note 13.—St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, (1180-1240), was born near Oxford, England. His whole family was renowned for sanctity. His brothers, two sisters, and later

his father and mother consecrated themselves to God in religion. Edmund passed from Oxford University to the schools of Paris, and taught with brilliant success in both universities. His austerities were extreme and his gentleness toward others proportionate. In 1234 Gregory IX appointed him Archbishop of Canterbury, in which exalted office he defended the rights of Church and State against the usurpations of Henry III. Fiercely persecuted, and unable to countenance injustice and iniquity, he departed from England in 1240 and repaired to a Cistercian Abbey in France where some months later he died holily. Within six years he was canonized by Pope Innocent IV.

Note 14.—Sister Isidora was one of three children, daughters of Mrs. McNantz, a pious widow residing in Washington. A victim of consumption and in 1813 near death, her sorrow was overwhelming at the thought of leaving them helpless. Mary was twelve, Charlotte ten, and Emily nine years of age. But the Reverend William Matthews, S. J., who assisted her at death mitigated her grief by assuring her that he would take charge of their future. A nephew of Archbishop Neale, he easily secured their admittance into the Convent School, where they led angelic lives. Sister Isidora died in 1817, at the age of fourteen, pronouncing her vows on her death-bed; Sister Mary Leonard (Emily) died in 1819, professed on her death-bed at fifteen; and Sister Mary Bernardine (Mary) died in 1822, in the fifth year of religious profession. The three sisters were favored with surpassing gifts of nature, but still more extraordinary were the gifts of grace that adorned their beautiful souls.

Note 15.—Mother Catherine Rigden, the second Superior of the Georgetown Community, was born in Georgetown in 1782, of Protestant parents. At the age of thirteen a friendship with a young Catholic girl was the means of drawing her into the Church. Beautiful, attractive and beloved, her relatives rose in angry opposition to her step, imposing restraints upon her and even resorting to violence. But Catherine's fortitude and loyalty to her faith sustained her against all their efforts, and increased her ardor for perfection. Under the guidance of Bishop Neale she was admitted into the Community and set herself to a most rigorous practice of the Rules and discipline this eminent Master of Novices had introduced. "Her modesty, sweetness and patience were unalterable; she had the simplicity and obedience of a child." Many supernatural graces were accorded her. During several years she held the office of Directress of the Academy, and in May, 1819, was elected Superior, succeeding Mother Teresa Lalor. In the following November she became seriously ill, and with intermissions of relief, governed the Community until December 21, 1820, when she yielded her pure soul to God at the age of thirty-eight, having been professed thirteen years.

Note 16.—Bishop Neale had striven for several years to procure from Europe a limited number of Sisters of the Visitation to initiate his Sisters into the observance of the Rules and Constitutions of St. Francis de Sales. But after the dissolution and expulsion of Religious Orders from France in 1792, and their separation for so long a term of years—depleted by suffering and death, their property

confiscated or ravaged,—restoration was a work of time, superhuman energy and patience. Annecy, the "Holy Source," was not wholly reinstated until 1822; but several other Convents had in the interim been repaired and occupied by the few Visitandines that survived.

Note 17.—Sister Frances McDermott was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1750, and trained in virtue and study by her pious and cultured father. On the death of her parents in 1774 she married Martin McDermott, and both resolved to flee to the United States where they might practice their religion in freedom. They settled in Philadelphia, where Mr. McDermott died in 1793 of yellow fever. His widow, desirous to dedicate her life to God, sought the direction of Father Neale, and thus became one of the early companions of Teresa Lalor. A woman of solid and tried virtue, her talents and teaching ability rendered her an acquisition to the school, while her excellent dowry brought welcome aid to the indigent Community. Her holy and beautiful death took place October 26, 1820, at the age of seventy years and twenty-one of religious profession.

Note 18.—Margaret Marshall was nineteen years old when, determined to escape a marriage being planned for her and seek Christ alone for her Spouse, she left her home in Conewago, Pa., on a stormy Sunday morning in February, 1810—having thrown a package of clothes and provisions out of the window into the deep snow— and started heroically to walk to Georgetown, D. C., a distance of nearly a hundred miles, hoping to join Bishop Neale's small Community, of

which a rumor had reached her. Having rested in a country place in Maryland she was about to resume her journey when she saw a wagon at the door; inquiring as to its destination the driver answered, "Georgetown," and gave her an invitation to enter. It was dusk when they reached Georgetown; alighting at Trinity Church she turned to thank her benefactor when she found that he and the team had disappeared. Bishop Neale on hearing her story welcomed her as one sent by Providence. Her strong virtue, courage and resolution were sustained to the end. She was one of the foundresses of the Convent of Mobile, was Superior of that Community several years, and died there on January 18, 1877.

Note 19.—Two of Archbishop Neale's sisters were married —Clare to Henry Brent, and Mary to William Matthews: from them descended two eminent Superiors of the early Visitation, his grand-nieces, Mother Agnes Brent and Mother Juliana Matthews. Mother Agnes, who had been a student in the Academy for three years, entered the novitiate in 1812 at sixteen years of age; she was one of the three first members professed in 1816. Her prudence, virtue and talents were so conspicuous that at twenty-five years she was elected the fourth Superior of the Community. Later Mother Agnes founded Houses of the Institute at Kaskaskia and Saint Louis, Mo., where she died September 16, 1876. Mother Juliana, at the age of ten, was placed in the Academy by her uncle, Father Matthews; still young, she chose the better part, became a novice and was solemnly professed at twenty-two years. She was elected Superior in 1825, and subsequently founded four new Convents of the Order, in

Baltimore, 1837, Washington, 1850, Brooklyn, 1855, and Richmond, 1866: in the latter Convent, crowned with virtues and good works, Mother Juliana died holily in her seventy-third year on March 18, 1867.

Note 20.—Sister Mary Apollonia (Anna Digges of Maryland) was admitted into the Novitiate by Archbishop Neale in December, 1816, at sixteen years of age. Her young life had been full of sufferings which bore beautiful soul-fruits in ardent love of God and invincible patience. Her family was tainted with consumption to which Anna manifested a tendency, hence, special indulgences was shown her by the kind Prelate and Superiors; but her health steadily declined, and in course of years the fatal inroads of the disease brought her to death's door; when suddenly at the close of a novena made in union with the saintly Prince Hohenlohe, by an evident, brilliant, and well-attested miracle, she was restored to perfect health on the morning of January 20,1831. She then entered upon all the duties of the Rule without mitigation. In 1864, at the age of sixty-four, Sister Mary Apollonia founded the Convent of Parkersburg, W. Va., remaining there six years as Superior. In 1870 she was recalled to Georgetown, where her holy death occurred on September 2, 1889.

Note 21.—The English Jesuits obtained oral permission from Pius VII for their union with the Russian Fathers in 1803; the Maryland Jesuits,—who had continued to labor for souls after the Suppression under their former Superior,

Reverend John Lewis, made Vicar General by Bishop Challoner of London—were aggregated to the Society in Russia in 1805. By a Bull dated August 7, 1814, Pius VII proclaimed the Restoration of the Society of Jesus throughout the world.

Note 22.—Archbishop Neale's appeal to Pius VII for aggregation of his Community to the Visitation Order, was an inspiration from on high which brought to it untold blessings. The Indult of His Holiness, dated July 24, 1816, was received by Archbishop Neale only on November 10 of that year. It erected the Community canonically into a Sisterhood of the Visitation Order as founded by St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal, with all the privileges and indulgences granted to that holy Order. This happy concession was followed by recognition of the Georgetown Visitation by Annecy and the other European Houses.

Note 23.—St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, Doctor of the Universal Church, and Founder of the Visitation Order, was born at Thorens, Savoy, August 21, 1567, and died at Lyons, from a sudden stroke of apoplexy, on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, December 28, 1622.—On this feast, 1816, after a retreat of ten days, Teresa Lalor, Frances McDermott, and Agnes Brent made their solemn Vows. A part of the Community were solemnly professed on the Espousals of Our Lady, January 23, 1817; and the remainder on the Feast of St. Francis de Sales, January 29, 1817.

Note 24.—The Reverend Virgil Horace Barber (1782-

1847) was an Episcopal minister in charge of a parish and principal of a flourishing academy at Fairfield, near Utica, N. Y. Both he and Mrs. Barber (1789-1860) were exceedingly pious and prayerful. Having read a life of St. Francis Xavier serious doubts began so to trouble his mind (1816) that he resolved upon a journey to New York to consult the Reverend Benedict Fenwick, S. J., then administrator of the Diocese and afterward Bishop of Boston. Mrs. Barber followed all his inquiries with affectionate solicitude and uprightness of heart. Great sacrifices were before them; his handsome income must be resigned, and themselves with their five helpless children reduced to poverty. But when conviction came they did not hesitate; removing to New York they entered the Fold and made their first Communion February 9, 1817, in St. Peter's Church, Barclay St.

Mrs. Barber, conscious that her husband longed to continue his ministry in the true faith, secretly consulted Father Fenwick as to the possibility of a separation, both to enter a religious order. In astonishment and admiration at her heroism he made all necessary arrangements for this end. Just then recalled to Georgetown to be President of the College, matters became easy for Father Fenwick. Mr. Barber and his family followed a few weeks after and received a warm welcome there. Bishop Fenwick writes:— "After some days rest from the fatigue of their journey the pious couple were taken to the College Chapel, where Archbishop Neale in the presence of a number of individuals, both clergy and secular, pronounced the divorce, having first ascertained of themselves individually their full consent thereto. He gave an eloquent admonition on the occasion

which drew tears from the eyes of many who were present; and concluded by recommending them to continue faithful to the grace of the Lord, and to persevere in that perfect path He had traced out for them." Mr. Barber then proceeded to the Jesuit Novitiate; and Mrs. Barber was admitted by Archbishop Neale into the Convent with her three eldest daughters, Mary, born 1810, Abey, 1811, and Susan, 1813. Samuel, three years old, and Josephine, only ten months, were welcomed with maternal affection by Mrs. Fenwick, the Bishop's mother, and cared for with the utmost tenderness till the little lad was old enough for admittance to the College, and Josephine to become a student at the Academy.

"On February 23, 1820, nearly three years after their separation," writes Sister Josephine Barber, when a nun in St. Louis, "my parents met in the Georgetown Convent Chapel to make their Vows. My mother (Sister Mary Augustine) first went through the formula of Profession in the Visitation; and then my father pronounced his Vows according to the rite of the Jesuit Order. Their five children were present: Mary, the oldest, being ten, and I, the youngest, only two and a half years."

Samuel, on his graduation, entered the Jesuit Novitiate. Both father and son labored many years as zealous missionaries and wrought a multitude of conversions in their own widely extended family and among the ministers and people of New England, as Bishop Fenwick attests. The daughters all became fervent religious, the three eldest choosing the Ursuline Order and Josephine the Visitation. Sister Mary Augustine held the office of Directress of the Georgetown

Academy during many years; in 1836 she was called to assist the teaching staff of Kaskaskia, and in 1848 that of Mobile, where after ten years of holy labors and nearly two years of a painful illness, borne with heroic patience and conforted by the presence of Sister Josephine, she died at the age of seventy-one years, on January 1, 1860.

Note 25.—The Reverend Joseph Picot de Cloriviere, of the Bretagne aristocracy, a military officer of France and unswerving in his loyalty to the Bourbon Monarchy, having been suspected of complicity in an attempt on the life of Napoleon and hence marked for death, fled in disguise to the United States, and maintained himself some years in New York as a portrait and miniature painter. Desirous of serving God in the clerical state, he later repaired to Baltimore where he studied in St. Mary's Seminary and in 1812 was ordained priest by Archbishop Carroll. Assigned to Charleston by that Prelate, he remained there in pastoral service five years, a victim of hostility to many because of his loyal adherence to the Pope, just liberated, and the Bourbon Dynasty. His life having been several times threatened, he at last shipped for France, when Archbishop Neale's letter reversed his plans and drew him to Georgetown. There his ministrations to the Sisters as Chaplain, director and professor were unparalleled: he devoted his entire fortune to the building of the Church of the Sacred Heart and a new Academy, and furnished many precious vestments and ornaments for the use of the sanctuary. The beautiful altarpiece of Martha and Mary was presented to him by Charles X of France. A stroke of apoplexy in 1825 disabled

him; and a lingering illness of fourteen months was crowned by a holy death on the Feast of St. Michael, September 29, 1826, at the age of fifty-eight years.

Note 26.—Two unworthy priests of Charleston, S. C., had defied the Archbishop. One had been suspended by Archbishop Carroll as well as by himself for scandalous conduct. The other proceeded to Rome, gained the ear of Cardinal Litta of the Propaganda to his false and malicious statements, and the result was a peremptory letter to the saintly Prelate accusing him of injustice and requiring him to reinstate the priests in Charleston. The document was handed to him open, strange to say, by one of the suspended priests. The Prelate's letter defending his course of action, dated March 6, 1817, was answered by Pius VII giving him full liberty and confirming whatever his judgment might prompt him to do: but when the document arrived Archbishop Neale was in his tomb.

Note 27.—Archbishop Neale was stricken with apoplexy on June 16, 1817, and died two days after, June 18, at his residence in Georgetown. The prayers for the Departing Soul were recited by the Reverend John McElroy, S. J., whom the dying Prelate, by his last episcopal act, had ordained, in company with three other clerics, on May 31, in the College Chapel. The Archbishop's remains lay in state in Trinity Church till the 19th, when "the body was transferred to the Visitation Chapel, followed by eighteen priests, twenty scholastics, a hundred college students, and a multitude of citizens." Mass was celebrated by the

Right Reverend Dr. Marechal, and the body was then consigned to the crypt below the Chapel.

Note 28.—The "Deposition of St. de Chantal on the Life, Virtues and Miracles of St. Francis de Sales," given to the Apostolic Notaries (1627) in fourteen consecutive sittings, and comprising fifty-five points. Cardinal Bourne designates it as "the detailed and finished portrait of the Saint's life, a picture destined to make us understand and love the Saint more than any other account could do." And a holy Bishop of Annecy writes: "The heart burns while reading these divinely enchanting lines.... A thousand times I repeat and with truth that in the Deposition of St. Chantal the **true life** of St. Francis de Sales is found."

Note 29.—The Most Reverend Ambrose Marechal, 1817-1828; the Most Reverend James Whitfield, 1828-1834; the Most Reverend Samuel Eccleston, 1834-1851; the Most Reverend Francis Patrick Kenrick, 1851-1863; the Most Reverend Martin John Spalding, 1864-1872; the Most Reverend James Roosevelt Bayley, 1872-1877; His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, 1877; created Cardinal, 1886; celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood with the Silver Jubilee of his elevation to the Sacred College of Cardinals, June 30, 1911.

ERRATA CORRIGE

Page	22,	3 line	—stay not—stays not
"	41,	17 "	—Visitandine—Visitandines
"	46,	17 "	—Carrol—Carroll
"	73,	25 "	—August 16—August 17
"	74,	7 "	—in 1759—in 1769
"	82,	11 "	—indulgences—indulgence
"	86,	4 "	—conforted—comforted

DATE DUE

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